

The Mirror

to have been built. At every corner of the building there is a small bust of a classical author, and in the interior there are busts of the same authors, and the names of the authors are inscribed on the walls. The building is surrounded by a fence, and the entrance is through a gate.

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXXIII.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.

New Church, Camden-Town.



So rapid is the growth of population in London, and over so wide a space do the new buildings spread, that either the old churches become too small to accommodate the inhabitants, or are at too great a distance from the inhabitants; hence has arisen the necessity of building additional churches in various parts of the metropolis.

In the extensive parish of St. Pancras, four new churches and chapels have been erected within the last few years; the principal is that of the parish of St. Pancras, in the new road, at the bottom of Tavistock Square, from the designs of Messrs. W. and H. W. Inwood; the same architects have also furnished the design from which the new church in Camden Town, of which we give a correct view, has been erected. The expense of the church, including the catacombs which are extensive, the clock, bell, organ, furniture, inclosure, &c. does not exceed £20,000: a very moderate sum when it is considered that it will accommodate 1,000 persons. For an architectural description of this church we avail ourselves of the account given in a contemporary

journal (the *Literary Chronicle*), which very accurately and impartially points out its merits; the writer is evidently a gentleman well acquainted with architecture, and able to appreciate its beauties and defects:—

“ As a pleasing exception to that want of taste, or rather barbarous taste, of which we elsewhere meet with so many examples, we here notice the church which has recently been erected at Camden Town, from the designs of Messrs. Inwood, architects of that noble edifice, the church of St. Pancras. In the present instance they have shewn that they can attain a very great degree of beauty on a much humbler scale. We do not pretend to say that it satisfies us in every respect; there are some parts which we could wish otherwise: but, on the whole, we consider it highly creditable to their taste, and an acquisition to the architectural beauties of the metropolis. When viewed at a distance, its general form is not particularly pleasing. The tower does not harmonise well with the body of the structure. The building is most advantageously seen at a

short distance from the portico, where all the beautiful details and execution of the front are conspicuous. This portion of the structure is, indeed, almost the only one at which any aim has been made to architectural effect, and it would therefore, perhaps, not be quite fair to criticize too narrowly the other elevations, which are merely of white brick, and with no attempt at decoration. A semi-circular portico of four Ionic columns, and ante, form the principal entrance, on each side of which is a door, in a similar style to that in the centre. The ceiling of this portico is in the form of a half-dome, and has an elegant effect. The columns may be considered as the Grecian Ionic; but some attempt at novelty has been aimed at, and we think successfully, in the manner of their fittings, which are so managed as to have rather the appearance of being ribbed, and the volutes of the capitals are designed in a correspondent style. There is something very pleasing in this kind of decoration: it forms an intermediate character between the richness produced by channelled fluting and the simplicity of a plain shaft.

We are not aware, at this moment, whether the architect has met with any hostility for it among the fragments of ancient architecture; but, if not, it is much the more creditable to his taste, for it is not violent or affected in the Ionic style; on the contrary, it accords beautifully with the character of the Ionic, and is particularly elegant, and we cannot but remark, how greatly superior, in every respect, this Ionic is to the specimens of the same order exhibited in the church in Langham Place, and the chapel now building in Regent Street: those of the last mentioned building appear to us to be copied from some of the worst examples of the debased Roman or Italian Ionic. In fact, this portico will lose nothing by a comparison with those in Langham and Wyndham Places, both which are likewise semi-circular, but as inferior in point of effect as can well be imagined. In this disposition of the columns, there is something in general very pleasing and picturesque, owing to the play of light and shade, and the manner in which, when viewed on one side, the columns appear grouped together. If there is any thing that we should be disposed to object to in this elevation, it is to the arches over the doors; nor is the paneling and colouring of the doors themselves exactly what we could desire. In every other respect, this front has our unqualified approbation. It is chaste and elegant; as is likewise the tower

which rises above it. The east end of the church, also, is not devoid of taste, although we cannot say that we particularly admire the projecting parts below, and still less the style of the iron work. The interior, which may be considered as a St. Pancras in miniature, is fitted up with much taste and simplicity; and, if there is any thing to which we should be disposed to object, it is, that its uniform white tint is rather fatiguing to the eye. But where there is so much to command, we wish not to dwell upon minor imperfections."

THE DYING VOTER; THE VOTE DECISIVE; OR, WHAT EVER YOU WILL.

DURING a strongly contested election for the County of Hertford, when Mr. Baker was brought into parliament, a gentleman of the name of U_____, was very active in canvassing for votes; and succeeded in obtaining a promise from a certain Freeman, who although in a dangerous fit of illness, engaged to assist Mr. Baker with his vote, should the state of his health permit him to attend the hustings, before the contest terminated. On the last day of the election, the votes in favour of such member were so equal, that the committees of either party knew not how the election was likely to terminate. At this juncture, the voter whose health had been in such a precarious state, and now much worse, to the surprise of his friends, insisted upon being carried in a litter to the hustings, and by his vote turned the scale in Mr. Baker's favour, who was ultimately brought in by a very trifling majority: and strange to say, what with the exertion, and the pleasure of his feelings at the successful termination of the contest, the sick man speedily recovered his health.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL EARLE.

GENERAL EARLE being at a country play, the entertainment happened to be "The Stage Coach," which was performed so wretchedly, that it was impossible to make head or tail of it. As soon as the curtain dropped, and one of the performers, came to give out the next play, the general begged leave to ask the name of the entertainment just finished, "The Stage Coach, sir," says the head kin, bowing very respectfully. "Then, sir," replied the general, "will you be so good to let me know, when you perform it again, that I may be an outside passenger."

RIEGO: OR, THE PATRIOT'S KNELL.
(For the Mirror.)

Friends of blood, the day's your own!
Cheer, rejoice, drink deep, and roar!
He who fought for Freedom's throne,
The brave Riego!—is no more.

Now your foekly voices sing,—
Dote, and feast your eyes on gore?
Tell your dastardly priest-led king
The brave Riego!—is no more.

Now, while fanatic mummery reigns,—
Now your racks and screws restore;
He who would have broke your chains,
The brave Riego!—is no more.

Strike the patriot-soldier's knell—
The peal first off has tol'd before;
Bid the tongues of butchery tell
The brave Riego!—is no more.

Now your Inquisition rear!—
Now pull up the dungeon's door!
Tell the tools to monkey dear
The brave Riego!—is no more.

Now, while Slavery hugs its chain—
Now, while Liberty's breath is o'er,
Shout! and tell degraded Spain
The brave Riego!—is no more.

UTOPIA.

ANIMAL BIOGRAPHY.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Bristol, January 1st, 1825.

SIR,—My young friends, yea, and my old ones too, (*hic et ubique*,) are so vastly pleased with my anecdotes of the animal creation, that for their gratification and my own, I am induced to forward you another bundle still more *marvellous*, but not less *authentic*, than their predecessors; (all true, to the letter, you and your readers may rest assured; besides, sir, you know, that I always give you in *private*, at least, *all the circumstances; names and dates, chapter and verse*: and what would the world have more?) Now, sir, don't make *two bites of a cherry*; don't disappoint the anxious wishes of your countless readers (they are all on *tip-toe here* for my communications). Give us the *whole of the present in justa-position*; that is in *one number*; it would be a pity to lower the excitement by *separating such near con-sisters*.

I have the honour to be, sir, your faithful, humble servant,

ZOOPOULOS.

THE COMMON SNAKE.

More than forty years ago, the following very singular circumstance occurred at Wombwell, near Barnsley, in the west-riding of the county of York:—

* This is certainly true; the name and respectability of the writer are known to the Editor.

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Connected with the house in which the writer spent his early days, was a dairy, which stood in an adjoining garden. In this building was fixed a large stone table, three or four feet from the floor; and upon this table was placed a number of milk-pans, each about eighteen inches in diameter. Day after day it was remarked, that the cream was skimmed off the centre of several of the pans: suspicion immediately fell on three mischievous boys in the family, of which the writer was one; they all, however, stoutly denied the charge, and, for once, happened to have the truth on their side. In the course of a very few days the thief was detected in the act. The mother of the writer, on entering the dairy one morning, discovered a large snake, reared half erect, and employed in skimming the cream from the centre of one of the milk-pans; the reptile on being disturbed, slided hastily away, and escaped into the garden through a small opening at the bottom of the building, made for the purpose of carrying off the wet.

THE WEASEL.

STILL more striking is the following instance of animal instinct, which the writer, when a boy, recollects being related at his father's fire-side, by the party who was an eye-witness of the fact:—

As Mr. Thomas Pearson, of Aldham-Mill, about a mile distant from Wombwell, was riding slowly along a retired lane, (with which the writer is so well acquainted, that he believes he could still point out the precise spot,) he observed three *weasels* issue from the bottom of a hedge, and march very leisurely *in line* before him; and on closer attention, remarked, that the two on the outside were leading the one in the centre by the *snout*; struck with the circumstance, he dismounted from his horse, and went to the place; two of the *weasels* immediately made off; the third, which was the centre one, and which, if the writer's recollection be correct, was young, and had not attained its full growth, remained where it was left by its companions; on examination, he discovered, that the poor helpless little animal was blind. Mr. Pearson was a man of understanding and education; and, for his sphere in life, possessed a very considerable share of information: his venacity the writer does not recollect that he ever heard questioned.

In the same village, the writer well remembers hearing a farmer's servant, of the name of Thomas Hinchcliffe, relate the following story:

One summer's day, whilst occupied in

some agricultural labour in the field, he observed, just over his head, a large bird (the kite) majestically wheeling round in mid-air; suddenly the feathered tyrant darted, swift as lightning, down to earth, seized something in his talons, which he bore off in triumph, and stared aloft to such a height, that he was soon nearly out of sight: are long, however, he was observed to descend, *topsy-turvy*, and with full as much velocity as he rose, and fell dead at the feet of the farmers, on stooping to take him up, away ran a *weasel*. It appeared, on further examination, that this fierce little animal, on being pounced upon, had determined to make a desperate effort for his deliverance, and in grappling with his more powerful enemy, had contrived to seize him by the throat, which, in the end, strangled and brought him lifeless to the earth.

DARING WEASELS.

THE following anecdote was communicated for insertion in the MIRROR, by the brother of the writer; the former had it from a gentleman with whom they were both well acquainted, several years ago:—

The gentleman in question, when about ten or twelve years of age, happening one day to be employed along with his father, in hoeing a young quick-set fence, observed, on lifting up his eyes, a troop of *weasels* issuing from their rendezvous in a mound of earth, at the foot of another fence, about ten yards from the place where he stood, (his fears at the moment, magnified their numbers to *scores*, and even in after-life, when he related the circumstance, he still believed there were from ten to a *dozen*); they instantly rushed upon him in a body, and attacked his legs with the most determined ferocity; terrified almost out of his senses, he roared out lustily, and his father, who was near at hand, ran to his help, and beat off the assailants with the hoe. Scarcely, however, had he turned his back, before they made a second attack, as furious as the first, and were obliged to be repelled in a similar manner; a third was even menaced before they were finally put to the rout. Had not this anecdote been derived from a source of unquestionable respectability, the writer should have scarcely thought it entitled to credit; as the *weasel*, although exceedingly fierce in its nature, where man is concerned, is rarely, he believes, found to be the aggressor.

THE DOMESTIC CAT.

A LADY in Bristol, who formerly resided in Sunderland, recently communicated to the writer the following fact:—

The lady in question had a cat, which

after a recent nescuchement, was left with one kitten; this kitten was presented to a friend, living at the distance of a mile, without the mother's knowing whether her darling had been conveyed. By some means or other, however, she soon smelt out the secret, and day by day, for the customary period, regularly visited the nursery, for the purpose of giving her baby the breast. Near this, ye illustrious, but unnatural bipeda, who consist of a mercenary crew, the first duty which a mother owes to her offspring.

Danish Popular Stories.

(Translated for the Mirror.)

No. III.—SIXTEEN

THE FOUR BROTHERS.

THERE was a man who had four sons, and as they were not grown to men's estate, he sent them forth to seek their fortunes in the world. They, therefore, departed on their travels, in the course of which they arrived at a large forest, where there dwelt a magician. They resolved on taking up their abode with this seer, and becoming his disciples, for which purpose they staid with him sons two or three years. During this time he taught the eldest brother to be an expert mechanic, far exceeding in skill any throughout the whole land; the second was a seer, so skilled in his art, that he could tell events that befall in distant places; the third brother became such a wondrous marksman, that no one could rival him in shooting; and as for the fourth, he became a master-thief, quite a prodigy in his profession. Thus instructed in their respective callings, the brothers took leave of their tutor, and returned home to their father, to whom they related what they had learnt; but he refused to credit them—they gave him satisfactory proofs of their proficiency. Accordingly they went out into a wood, and felled a very large tree; which being done, the father said, "How shall we carry it home?" Thereupon the eldest son took his axe, and began to hew it; when, in a few minutes he formed it into a very beautiful cart, thus giving a most satisfactory proof of his mechanical ability. The father then addressing himself to the second brother, said, "Canst thou tell me how many eggs there are in that crow's nest on the top of yonder tree?" "Five," replied he, which the father knew to be the exact number, having before examined them for that purpose. He next said to the fourth son, "If thou canst steal the fifth egg out of the nest without

the bird's noticing it, I will grant thee to be the cleverest thief in the world." Immediately he climbed up the tree and took out the egg, without disturbing the bird; and while he held it out betwixt his fingers and thumb, the third son took aim, and shot at it with such nicety that the ball passed directly through the egg. At these proofs of their skill, the father rejoiced exceedingly, assured that they would not fail of success in the world.

A short time afterwards the whole land was much afflicted, for the king's daughter had disappeared, nor could any one tell what had become of her. A great reward was offered by the king—nay even the hand of the princess herself, to whosoever should bring her home. Upon this the four brothers departed for the court, and having obtained a promise of a reward in case of success, set out in search of the lost princess. At length the one who professed the art of divination discovered that she was in the centre of a large lake, where she was detained in captivity by a horrible dragon, within an enchanted castle that was guarded by furious monsters. After a journey of many days, they arrived at the lake, in the centre of which stood a magnificent castle; but as there was neither boat nor any other vessel whatever to ferry them across, they were forced to consult how to proceed; which having done, the eldest cut down a tree, when, lo! scarcely had his axe touched it before he had formed a wonderful bridge, that reached from the shore of the lake to the castle. The next now directed the thief how he was to steal away the princess from the dragon; whereupon, he alone crossed the bridge, leaving his brothers on the side of the lake; and arrived safely at the portal of the castle. Here he found four fierce lions; yet nothing daunted, he threw a lamb among them; and each attempting to seize the prey for himself, the savage animals fought with such fury, that they quickly destroyed each other. He now advanced into the court-yard, where he found four large bears, whom he also overcame by the same stratagem, and then entered the castle without hindrance. Having passed through a number of stately rooms, he at length reached the door of the princess's apartment, before which four young dragons were keeping watch. Upon seeing them he took out a cithern, and began to play, during which the dragons became more and more gentle, and, in the end, fell into a deep sleep. This being accomplished, he entered the chamber, where the princess sat combing the locks of the old dragon with a golden comb. The monster lay with his head

reclined on her lap, already vanquished by the sounds that he had heard. Instantly taking the lady by the hand, he conducted her out from the castle and across the bridge, to where his brothers were anxiously awaiting his return, fearing that he had perished in the enterprise. They then set off with all speed, and were soon out of sight of the enchanted tower.

While, however, they were journeying on, exulting in their good luck, they heard a terrible roaring and hissing behind them, and looking back, perceived that the monster had awoke from his sleep and was pursuing them. But as he was sailing through the air like a dark cloud, the marksman fired, and he instantly dropped down dead. They now continued their journey without fear, and arrived at the court of the princess's father, who bestowed her hand upon the adventurous thief, and rewarded the other brothers with abundant presents.

SONG.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Hast to the woodlands! see, the sun
Full half his morning course hath run!
The thrush leaves the hawthorn hedge—
The wild duck seeks the sheltering sedges—
The shepherd, as he weaves along
The hill-side, trots his matin song;
All Nature smiles, serene and gay,
Then to the woodlands hast away!

What is the crowded city, rife
With all the ills of social life?—
What all its pomp, scarce seen ere past,
Like meteor midnight's murky vest?
Oh! what are these, when the young eye
May gaze on Heaven's unclouded sky?
What, but the bubbles of a day?
Then to the woodlands hast away!

Haste to the woodlands! see, the sun
Full half his noon-tide course hath run
The sheep instinctive seek the glade—
The swine-herd courts the beechen shade—
The flow rets, in th' enamel'd mead,
No longer dew-drop, hang their head;
Fatigued the school-boy rests from play,—
Then to the woodlands hast away!

Oh! who, when scenes like these are found
To throw a charm on all around,—
Who, free from life's fictitious care,
Blighted ambition, dark despair,
And all the thousand woes that wait
Around the sleepless couch of state,—
Oh! who from such retreat would stray?
Then to the woodlands hast away!

Haste to the woodlands! see, the sun
Full half his evening course hath run!
The thrush re-seeks the hawthorn bough—
The sheep regain the mountain brow—
The flowers uplift the pendant head,
And round their mingled odours spread:
The swine-herd, too, has left the brae—
Then to the woodlands hast away!

Say, can the midnight hall-room's glare
With Dian's chastened beams compare?—
Can 'e'en the flute so sweet prevail
O'er Philomel's sad plaintive tale?
Or where can youth his vows so well
As in the moon-light woodlands tell?
Lov'st thou all these? with me then stray,
And to the woodlands hast away!

ALPREUS.

HENRY THE EIGHTH.

"BEFORE the close of 1525, the active Henry had nearly been smothered, by falling head foremost (his pole breaking) into a clayey ditch."

The above is an extract from Andrew's History of Great Britain, it appears to me to have been a very curious amusement for a monarch to be jumping over ditches by means of a pole, perhaps some of your numerous readers have the means of informing me where the accident happened which had so nearly deprived the English of their king, two years before he contemplated, or rather determined on his divorce with Catharine of Aragon; the consequences of his death at this period would have materially changed the face of affairs, as his divorce occasioned his quarrel with the Pope, which led to the suppression of monasteries, the fall of Wolsey, and finally the reformation. His marriage with Anna Boleyn, and the birth of Queen Elizabeth who contributed so much to fix the protestant religion, would likewise have been prevented. I am led to make these observations to shew that from the mere breaking of a pole so many great events might have happened.

In a note to the above extract it is observed, "His preserver's name was Edmund Moody; he was a footman to the king, and by jumping into the pool and freeing the head of Henry from the mud, which had nearly stifled him, saved his life."

In the same year, 1525, Cardinal Wolsey had nearly caused a rebellion in England by rashly advising the king to demand a large subsidy without consent of parliament, and the insolent Cardinal said to the reluctant Londoners, "is it not better that some of you should suffer indigence than that the king at this time should lack? Therefore beware and resist not, nor ruffle not in this case, for it may fortune to cost some people their heads."

How would the people of England feel at this day should a minister thus address them?

If you think the above deserving a place in your estimable little work, it is much at your service, 'tis but the gather-

ing of other men's stuff, and I may gather you some more if agreeable.
Your constant reader, P. C.

THE INQUISITION OF THE YEAR.

By J. H. WIPPER.

"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."—Paulus xii. 2.

GONE is another year;
And on the brow severe
Of chill November the funeral yew,
Holly and laurustin,
And ivy, whose sad vine
Loves the lorn ruin, wreathes a green adieu.
To the sweet hours of Autumn, and the play
Of jocund feeling past, like leaves, to swift
decay.
What makes me sad? the swell
Of that lone curfew bell.
Hear'd in the lapses of the moaning wind,
Tolling with voice profound
Of darkness gathered round.
Or, it may, of death, with woe combined?
No! I have loved, long loved to hear its dirge
Ring through these sable pines across the
weltering surge.

What makes me sad? the rain
Beating the wint'ry pane,
Murmuring of peace, and flowers, and sun-
shine tied?
No! for my lamp is lit,
And the bright page of Wit,
History, and Song, before my mind is spread,
And passing well its minute-echoes chime
With the light laugh of wit, the gay romance of
rhyme.

No! 'tis the serious scroll
These speeding hours unroll
To the clear view of busy conscience, prest
To look with glance austere
Through the departed year
On the past thoughts and passions of my
breast!
What have we done, what toiled for since the
knoll
Of the last Christmas bell sent sweetness to the
soul?

What have we toiled for?—Fame!
The echo of a name
To be forgot with easy unconcern,
When the quick fame, whose ray
Illumes our thinking clay,
Fades, and we shrink into the quiet urn:
No more on this poor stage to smile or sigh
At Woman's fluttering voice, or Man's ascetic
eye!

Power! Riches! see we not
Rank's gilded sceptres rot
Like the chur'l staff? and the delusive glass
Of gold melt off and leave
The soul it would deceive.
Dark and alarmed, as in a feverish dream,
We sometimes feel ourselves, till on her neck
Fancy can bear no more, but shicks the vision
back!

Or have we placed our pride
In a fair faln outside—
Masking our better thoughts, lest they should
be
Obnoxious to the throng
With whom we sport along,
More like the simple fly, than noble bee,
Whose golden toys endure? Why should we
joy
In what the first rude breath of sickness will
destroy?

Mark but that fleeting thing,
The thistle's down, whose wing,
Whirl'd by the light breeze, fluctuates here
and there;

Now on the wave—the hill—
The house-top—never still;
But in each eddy of the vagrant air
Circling abrupt! Are we, who have our birth
From heaven, for ever thus to make a toy of
earth?

Alas! if so we tread
This dwelling of the dead!
This globe, whose dust is peopled with the
spirits
Of twice two thousand years!
Some serious thoughts and tears
Rise at the image, and Reflection coils
Into a little ring, to think what one
More year may make of us, ere half its course
be run.

Alas! if so we waste
The springs of duty, graced
As they have been, and are, with such a flow
Of innocent delight;
When wrong would yield to right,
Shall we then spurn the inward dictate? No!
Duties, like wayside flowers, but grow to do
The free-born gatherer good, and cure the ills
we rue.

Flow forth then—let me weep
That I have lulled asleep
So many glorious promptings, such desires
After immortal things.—
Some scrap, with spread wings,
Fluttering from Eden, sure my soul inspires
Henceforth to strike with zeal the tempter
down;
He best may brook the cross whose eye regards
the crown!

What is the unceasing roll
Of years to him whose soul
Looks back rejoicing on a life well spent,
And forward with the trust,
That when his mortal dust
Blends with the disregarded element
Of air or earth, itself shall raise a clime
That mocks at once the scythe and TELESCOPE of
TIME?

Haste, then, stern charioteer
Of Earth! though in thy rear
The wreck of human schemes and hopes lie
strewn,
Temples, and towers, and thrones,
And melancholy bones
Of generations dead, and sceptres hewn.
To odious dust, before thee, Faith and Joy
Wait with uplifted arm thy triumphs to destroy.

But THOU, at whose right hand
The hours obedient stand,
ANCIENT OF DAYS! to gentle mercy won,
Send down thy blameworthy Dove,
To fill us with thy love:—
Breathe in our breasts the spirit of thy Son!
For without this the year will leave again
Relics alone of guilt, and mournfulness, and
pain!

Woburn Abbey, 1824. Time's Telescop.

ON MIME—PANTOMIME AND HARLEQUIN.

(For the Mirror.)

MIME, minus, is a term in the ancient comedy, signifying a *buffoon* or mimic, who acted by postures suitable to the person or subject he represented. The same comedians were also sometimes called *pantomimes*, because of their counterfeiting all manner of postures and gestures. According to Lucian, a single dancer, or mimic, was able to express all the incidents and sentiments of a whole tragedy, or epic poem, by dumb signs, but still to music, as in the ancient recitation, and in modern pantomime entertainments. Sophron, of Syracuse, who flourished in the time of Xerxes, was reputed the inventor of serious and decorous pantomime, replete with lessons of morality. Plato had great pleasure in the perusal of the pantomimes of this author. The Romans were equally pleased with pantomime. The mimes usually acted without socks or stockings, their heads were close shaved like the fools on mountebank stages, their dress like that of our harlequins, was composed of bits of cloths or linen of different colours. They sometimes also appeared in magnificent senatorial robes of purple, to divert the people by the ridicule and contrast of a senator's robe, and a shaved head and socks. Thus harlequin sometimes on our stage is bedight in the garb of a gentleman. This kind of diversion was given even at funerals, and the actors were called *archimimes*. They went before the coffin, and described by their gestures the actions and manners of the deceased: his virtues and his vices, all were exhibited. Under the reign of Augustus, and likewise that of Tiberius, the pantomime, carried on by much gesticulation, was the favourite entertainment of the public. The people were moved, and wept at it, as much as at tragedies; and the passion for it was so strong, that laws were obliged to be made for restraining the senators from studying the pantomimic art. The most celebrated mimographic poets of the Romans who chiefly distinguished themselves in dis-

matic exhibitions, were Decimus Liberius, and Publius Syrus. The first diverted Julius Caesar so much that he made him a Roman knight, and conferred on him the privilege of wearing gold rings. (Why not in modern days bestow knighthood upon the heroes of the stage—would not Mr. Dundas, Kemble, Kean, Young, &c. be as worthy of English knighthood as a Roman comedian?) Decimus Liberius had such a wonderful talent at miming ridicule as to make every one dread his abilities. To this Cicero alludes, in writing to Trebatius, when he was in Britain with Julius Caesar, telling him, that "if he is much longer inactive, he must expect to be attacked by the *mine Liberius*." The term *Harlequin* took its rise from a famous Italian comedian, who came to Paris under Henry III. and who, frequenting the house of M. de Harlay, his companion used to call him *Arlequin*, i. e. *Little Harlequin*, a name which has descended to all those of the same rank and profession.

P. T. W.

HYPERBOLE.

THE nations of the East, from their bold metaphorical expressions, often stagger the less fervid imaginations of those residing in more temperate climates; hence it is not to be wondered at, that many have been astonished with the strong language which often presents itself in the sacred Scriptures, particularly the following from St. John's Gospel:—"And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." This it must be confessed is highly figurative phraseology, but from the collections made by a learned commentator, it seems but in unison with the style of many of the Jewish writers. One or two instances may be stated as illustrations of this from Barnage, *Hist. des Juifs*, lib. 3. "Joachan succeeded Simeon—he attained the age of Moses—he employed forty years in commerce, and in pleading before the Sanhedrim. He composed such a great number of precepts and lessons, that if the heavens were paper, and all the trees of the forest so many pens, and all the children of men so many scribes, they would not suffice to write all his *laudatio*." It is worthy of remark, that this Joachan lived in the time of St. John, for he was in Jerusalem when it was besieged by Vespasian. There is another quoted by the same author, where

speaking of Eliezar, one of the presidents of the Sanhedrim, it is said, "Although the firmament were *velum*, and the waters of the ocean were changed into ink, it would not be sufficient to describe all the knowledge of Eliezar."—This Eliezar flourished about seventy-three years after Christ. It is further worthy of remark, that this man is also stated to have been contemporary with St. John. John is supposed to have died, A. D. 99.

A POLITICAL MADMAN.

THE following occurrence took place in the town of Hastings, about ten years back. A Mr. W. F., who figured conspicuously in the leading politics of the day, was so strenuous in exerting himself to arrange and set in order what he deemed the disturbed state of things in the country, that from over anxiety his intellect became disordered. He wrote to his late majesty's government, for a coach and six to convey him to White-hall, and he would settle the affairs of administration to the satisfaction of the nation. Some wags of the town, to whom the circumstance became known, resolved to play him a trick, which they put into execution in the following manner:—Having hired a coach and six at the Half Moon inn in that town, they insisted upon accompanying the lunatic, in order, as they said, to assist him with their *counsel and advice*, toward obtaining the important object he had in view.

They set out together accordingly, and when they arrived at Amwell End, the carriage, as had been previously concerted, was overturned, and the poor maniac precipitated into the New River. The only bad effect that arose from his ducking was a severe cold; but a better effect succeeded, for when fully recovered of his cold, he likewise recovered his senses.

ON A WELSHMAN.

A WELSHMAN, coming late into an inn, Ask'd the maid what meat there was within. Cow-heels, she answer'd, and a breast of mutton. But, quoth the Welshman, since I am no glutton, Either of both shall serve: to-night the breast, The heels i' th' morning; then fitch meat is best. At night he took the breast, and did not pay. I' th' morning took his heels, and ran away. T. A. v. G.



THE above engraving is a view of a singular cromlech situated on the Bexley Hill, from a drawing, with which we have been favoured by a correspondent.

Ascending a steep hill on the road to Rochester, which commands one of the richest and most luxuriant views in the rich and fertile county of Kent, you are induced to rest by the inviting welcome of a country inn, from whence the wide and beautiful prospect can be enjoyed at leisure. If on a summer evening, when the sun has abated its violence, and is giving a soft and yellow light on the scenery before him, the stranger will seldom find a more interesting landscape enjoyed at a happier moment. The country lies open, for several miles at every side, in all the luxuriance of waving corn almost ready for the sickle—hop plantations richer than Italian vineyards; and the river Medway winding smoothly through the valley, completes the variety and interest of the picture. Your attention is next attracted by a pile of large stones in a wheat field by the road side, and on inquiry you will be informed that you have the happiness to be at Kits Coty House. A printed paper, hung up at the inn for the information of the curious, tells you that you are on the site of a bloody battle of antiquity, and that Kits Coty House is the last relic of its commemoration.

The name of Kits Coty House baffles all research and ingenuity to discover the real title from this vulgar corruption, but the monument itself appears to be satisfactorily accounted for to the antiquarians who have examined it. They tell us that, in the year 465, a terrific battle took place

between the Britons and Danes on the banks of the Medway, at Aylesford. Horsa, brother to the Danish Chief Hengist, and Catigern, brother to the British King Vortigern, fought in front of both armies, and were both killed. The former was buried at a place, to this day, called Horsled, and Catigern was interred on the side of the hill above the battle ground; and the stones now remaining are supposed to be part of the monument then erected over him.

The learned author of "Monuments Antiqua" seems inclined to suppose it an altar on which human sacrifices were offered; and this idea is adopted by Mrs. Hemans, in her poem of Dartmoor, where she thus speaks of similar piles, which abound in that uncivilized district:

"There stands an altar of unscripted stone
Whence the rains, and pure bright rains, have laved the crimson stains
Left by dark rites of blood."

Proceeding to the wheat field, you see two immense stone slabs, each nine tons weight, fixed on the end in the ground, and inclining towards each other at a right angle. Another slab is between them for support, and one great stone, of more than twelve tons, lies as a roof transversely over all, making a kind of cell about seven feet each way, and the same in height. The stones have no marks of the chisel about them, and are said to be of the pebble kind. This (call it what you please) is perfect, and in its original form. It resembles, partially, Stonehenge, on Salisbury plain, but there are several

large slabs scattered about, and in the adjoining village of Aylesford are remains of similar structures.

It only remains to be said, that for twenty miles on every side, Miss Coty House presents an extraordinary appearance. However indifferently it may in itself repay the view of a stranger, whose curiosity has been too much excited by its appearance at a distance, by will, if he be possessed of the slightest feeling for the beauty and sublimity of nature, be amply repaid by the noble and luxuriant landscape its situation commands.

The manner of removing these piles was somewhat ingenious. According to Mr. Rowland, a mound of earth was raised, ascending by a gradual slope; up this the stones were conveyed on rollers, and dropped by the ends into holes, which had been previously dug to receive them: the impost was then placed across them, and the earth removed nearly to the level of the ground. But for this device, it would have been impracticable to have raised a stone, the greatest length of which, in the present instance, is twelve feet, and the thickness little less than two feet throughout, to the height of several feet—and this without any description of mechanic powers. The main dimensions of the stone are nearly as follows:—

	HEIGHT.	WIDTH.	THICKNESS.
	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.
North	6 6	4 0	0 6
East	6 0	7 0	1 6
West	7 0	7 0	1 3

Reminiscences.

No. IX.

At the time the late Chief Baron Macdonald, Baron Thomson, and Baron Graham were associated on the Exchequer bench, the following circumstance occurred:—It is well known that these gentlemen had peculiarities mixed up with their talents; the first took snuff very frequently, every pinch being preceded by sundry raps on the lid; the second took very copious notes of the proceedings, and the third asked “divers and very many” questions. In an ex-
cise cause in which the late Sir Thomas Plumer was leading counsel, Baron Thomson was exceedingly anxious to get a clear statement of the facts, but the noise on each side of him prevented it, for his left hand friend kept on like the talking-bird—whilst the one on his right kept up a close imitation of the wood-pecker. Baron Thomson having made

many attempts to proceed, at last broke out with some warmth. “Mr. Solicitor General, I must beg you to repeat that statement again, for really, what with the *raspberry* on one side, and the *chatterbox* on the other, I cannot hear one word.”

During one of the circuits, Baron Thompson was invited to dine at the house of a gentleman in Worcestershire, celebrated for the *quality* of his wine, but not for the *quantity*. The baron was fond of a good glass of wine, and had observed the entertainers hugging the bottle. Upon leaving the house, the high-sheriff observed to his lordship, that the wine was excellent. “Ah, very good wine,” returned the baron, “*very good wine, Mr. Sheriff, and right little of it.*”

The good humoured baron was once in a convivial party, at which several gentlemen ranking high in the legal profession were present. Much wine had been drunk, and the company had been highly entertained by the facetious Henry W—, whose elegant and refined wit charmed all his hearers. He had given imitations of some of the barristers and most of the judges, and the baron’s mirth and applause were particularly loud. “There is one other person Mr. W—,” said the judge, “whose manner I should like to see imitated.” “Who is that my lord?” “Myself, Sir.”—“Oh, my lord, that is quite out of the question, present company are always excepted.” “Why, Sir, if you will try your powers on myself, I shall be obliged to you.” After considerable persuasion, W— drew himself up in his chair, and blowing out his cheeks, presented to his auditors a complete duplicate of the baron. A burst of applause immediately followed, in which the good natured judge heartily joined. The imitator apparently unmoved, proceeded in a charge to the grand jury, closely imitating the voice and manner of the judge. “Law, is law, and men are made to live according to law, without any respect for the gospel, for that is another thing, to be considered at another time, in another place, and by another set of men, vide Coke upon Littleton, chap. 2. p. 312. Now, there are some men that are good men, and some men that are bad men, and the bad men are not the good men, and the good men are not the bad men; but the bad men and the good men, and the good men and the bad men, are two different sorts of men; and this we may glean from Magna Charta, an old man who lived in the reign of King John the Wise. Therefore, the law is made for the bad men, and the good men have nothing to do

therewith, nor any profit or advantage to derive therefrom—therefore, bring up the prisoners, and hang them, for I must go out of town to-morrow."

Mr. Jekyll hearing that Mr. Raine, the barrister, was retained as counsel for a Mr. Hay, jocosely asked a country friend, if he ever heard of *Rain* being of any service to *Hay*.

The late Lord Ellenborough was said to be a severe judge. Dining once during an assize, a gentleman requested to know if he should help his lordship to some fowl? "No," said Lord Ellenborough, "I mean to *try* that beef?" "If you do my lord," said J——, "it will be *hung beef*."

Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, when pleading as a very young barrister before Judge Page, the latter endeavoured to brow-beat him, by ironical commendations of his wit, telling him, he soon expected to hear, that he had turned Coke on Lit-tleton, into verse. "Yes," my lord, replied he, with admirable readiness, "You are right, and I will give your lordship a specimen—

"He that hath lands in fee
Need neither quake nor quiver;
For look ye, do ye see?
I humbly do conceive,
'Tis his and his heirs for ever."

A gentleman passing the country house of Mr. Ward, the Solicitor, asked a friend whose it was. "Why it belongs to an Attorney," was the reply. "An Attorney! indeed—why then this is *the law and the profit*!"—(propheta.)

CASE NOT REPORTED IN THE TERM REPORTS.

A WOMAN, having settlement, Married a man with none: The question was, *he being dead, If that she had was gone?* Quoth Sir John Pratt, "her settlement Suspended did remain, Living the husband; but him dead, It doth revive again."

CHORUS OF FUSINE JUDGES.
"Living the husband; but him dead,
It doth revive again."

* Customary expressions of Page.

Origins and Inventions.

No. I.

MARINER'S COMPASS.

THERE is some doubt as to the invention of the Mariner's Compass. Dr. Gilbert, our countryman, who wrote an elaborate Latin discourse on the properties of the

loadstone, was of opinion that the knowledge of its use was brought from the Chinese. Osorius, in his *Discourse of the Acts of King Emmanuel*, refers it to Gama, and his countrymen the Portuguese, who, as he pretends, took it from certain barbarian pirates. Geronimus Be-canus thinks he has good reason to give the honour of the discovery to his countrymen, the Germans: the thirty-two points of the compass borrow their names from the Dutch in all languages. But Blondus, who is followed by Pancirollus (both Italians,) gave the praise of it to Italy; telling us, that about the year 1300 it was found out at Mespia, a city of Naples. The name of the inventor of the compass is by Dubartus confidently affirmed to be Flavius. From these authorities it seems a probable conclusion, that Flavius, the Melvitan, was the first inventor of the guiding of a ship by the needle turning to the north; but that some Dutchman afterwards added to the compass the thirty-two points of the wind, in his own language, from whence other nations have since borrowed it.

CHIMNEYS.

In 1200, chimneys were scarcely known in England, one only was allowed in a religious house, one in a manor ditto, one in the great hall of a castle, or lord's house; but in other houses they had nothing but what was called *Rere Dese*, where their food was dressed, where they dined, and the smoke found its way out as it could. In King Henry the Eighth's time the University at Oxford had no fire allowed, for it is mentioned, that after the stewards had supped, which took place at eight o'clock, they went again to their studies till nine, and then in the winter they having no fire, they were obliged to take a good run for half an hour, to get heat in their feet before they went to bed. Hollinshed, contemporary with Elizabeth, describes the residence of the preceding generation in the arts of life: "There were," says he, "very few chimneys even in capital towns, the fire was laid to the wall, and the smoke issued out at the roof, or door, or window. The houses were wattled and plastered over with clay; and all the furniture and utensils were of wood. The people slept on straw pallets, with a log of wood for a pillow."

SILK STOCKINGS.

HENRY II. of France, at the marriage of the Duchess of Savoy, wore the first silk stockings that were made in France. It is somewhat remarkable, that Elizabeth was the first person in England who

wore silk stockings. In the third year of her reign, she received in a present from Mrs. Montague, a pair of black silk knit stockings; and henceforth, says Dr. Howell, she never wore cloth hose any more. The art of knitting silk stockings by wires or needles was first practised in Spain; and twenty-eight years after it had been imported into England, Mr. Lee of Cambridge invented the engine or steel loom, called the stocking frame, by means of which, England was enabled to export great quantities of silk stockings to Italy and other parts. Mr. Lee taught his art in England and France, and his servants did the same in Spain, Venice, and Ireland.

COACHES.
THE use of coaches was introduced in England, by Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel, A. D. 1589; before which time Queen Elizabeth on public occasions rode behind her chamberlain, and she in her old age, according to Wilson, used reluctantly such an effeminate conveyance. They were at first drawn only by two horses, "but," says the same author, "the rest crept in by degrees, as men at first ventured to sea." It was Buckingham, the favourite, who (about 1619) began to have them drawn by six horses, which, as another historian says, "was wondered at as a novelty, and imputed to him as a masterly pride." Before that time, ladies chiefly rode on horseback, either single, on their palmyas, or double, behind some person, on a pillion. In the year 1672 at which period throughout the kingdom there were only six stage coaches constantly running, a pamphlet was written and published, by Mr. John Cresset of the Charter-House, urging their suppression, and amongst the grave reasons given against their continuance, the author says, "These stage coaches make gentlemen come to London on every small occasion, which otherwise they would not do, but upon urgent necessity; nay, the convenience of the passage makes their wives often come up, who rather than come such long journeys on horseback, would stay at home. Then, when they come to town, they must presently be in the mode, get fine clothes, go to plays and entertainments, and by these means get such a habit of idleness, and love of pleasure, that will make them a misery ever after."

SEDAN CHAIRS.

SIR R. DUNCOMBE, predecessor to Duncombe, Lord Faversham, and gentleman pensioner to King James and Charles I., was the person who introduced Sedan

chairs into this country, anno 1634, when he procured a patent, which vested in him and his heirs, the sole right of carrying persons up and down in them for a certain sum. Sir Saunders was a great traveller, and had seen these chairs at Sedan, where they were first invented. Bayley introduced the use of hackney-coaches the same year; a tolerable long ride might then be had in either of these vehicles for four-pence. "But, alas!" says the writer of the above article, "the introduction of these machines spoiled the constitutions of our women, they became nervous and hasty, and no longer brought forth robust children."

F. R.—Y.

The Selector;

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

A JUNGLE IN INDIA.

THE height of the grass struck me as particularly wonderful. I was mounted on a very fine elephant, not less than eleven feet high; the howdah, or seat, fastened on the animal's back, must have been full two feet high, it being strapped on a very thick pad: this would give thirteen feet. Now, when standing upright, the attitude usually adopted by sportsmen when beating the jungle in order to see better around them, my head must have been near nineteen feet above the ground; but the grass was generally three, and in some places six, feet higher than my head. The stalks were full an inch and a half in diameter, and it would be almost impossible, certainly very fatiguing, to attempt to force a passage on foot through such a thicket, independent of the chance of meeting with a tiger on a sudden. *Picturesque Tour along the Ganges.*

THE FAKEER'S ROCK AT JAN-GUIRA.

It is distant about two hundred yards from the right bank (of the Ganges), immediately opposite to the village of Sultangunge. It rises about seven feet above the level of the water, towering abruptly from its base. There is no place only at which a boat can approach, and where there is a landing place, and a very steep and winding path leading to its summit. Here is found a small building, a madrasa, or college, of Fakirs, or wandering monks, who make in it. This remarkable rock has doubtless been of

more consequence at some remote period than at present; for, on examining its abrupt and weather-worn side, by passing round it in a boat, a variety of sculpture, comprising the principal Hindoo deities, men and animals, is seen covering nearly the whole face of the cliff. The same may be observed on the opposite shore of Sutargunge. Some of these figures are tolerably executed, but the greater part are rude and grotesquely designed, and point out their origin to have been very remote. The whole forms a pretty object as you run in a boat; and the thick and luxuriant foliage which crowns the summit adds much to the effect of the picture. — *Ibid.*

TO A LADY. — BY LORD BYRON.

And will thou weep when I am low?
Sweet Lady! speak those words again;
Yet, if they grieve thee, say not so,
I would not give that bosom pain.

My heart is sad, my hopes are gone,
My blood runs coldly thro' my breast,
And when I perish, thou alone
Will sigh above my place of rest.
And yet methinks a gleam of peace
Doth thro' my cloud of anguish shine;
And for awhile my sorrows cease,
To know thy heart hath felt for mine.

Oh, Lady! blessed be that tear,
It falls for one who cannot weep;
Such precious drops are doubly dear
To those whose eye no tear may steep.

Sweet Lady! once my heart was warm
With every feeling soft as thine,
But beauty's self hath ceased to charm
A wretch created to repine.

Yet, will thou weep when I am low?
Sweet Lady! speak these words again;
Yet, if they grieve thee, say not so,
I would not give that bosom pain.

Message aux Dames.

Leaving him, and in a dark clouds near
A strong gale drives him far from the sun
and near the earth.

THE SUN.

The sun, the glory of our system, and the agent by which the great Creator dispenses light and heat to the surrounding planets, was, in the infancy of astronomy, reckoned among the planets; but it is now numbered among the fixed stars. It appears, indeed, bright and large in comparison with them; but this is only because we are so much nearer to it; for a spectator, placed as near to any star as we are to the sun, would see a body as large and bright in that star as the sun appears to us; while the sun, on the contrary, viewed from the same distance that the nearest fixed star is to us, would assume the appearance of a star, and its attendant planets would be invisible. Although we thus speak of the nearness

of the sun to the earth, it must be kept in mind that the expression is used only in a relative sense; for its distance from the earth amounts in round numbers to about 95 millions of miles; and a cannon-ball, moving at the rate of about eight miles in a minute, would be upwards of twenty-four years in traversing the intervening space. In this respect, therefore, the sun is at a very great distance from the earth; but, when it is known that the distance of the nearest fixed star is eighty thousand times that of the sun, and that a cannon-ball, moving at the rate already supposed, would not pass thence to the earth in less than 523,211 years, the sun may well be said to be comparatively *near*. The figure of the sun is that of a spheroid, higher under the equator than about the poles. Its diameter is computed at about 890,000 miles, its circumference about 2,700,000 miles, and its bulk upwards of a million of times greater than that of the earth. It revolves upon its axis from east to west once in about twenty-five days, the axis being inclined to the ecliptic somewhat more than 23½ degrees. It has also a periodical motion, in nearly a circular direction, round the common centre of all the planetary motions.

The sun was long believed to be an immense globe of fire; but modern philosophers are of opinion that, like the earth, it is a cold, opaque, habitable globe, yet is surrounded with a luminous phosphoric atmosphere, which diffuses light through the whole solar system, and, by uniting with the inflammable matter contained in the earth and other planets, it becomes also the source of heat, though without such union it remains cold. Hence perpetual fire and snow are found upon the summits of our highest mountains, which, rising above the clouds, are continually exposed to the sun's rays; but, for want of sufficient caloric in themselves, they do not elicit heat. Dr. Herschel has shown that the lucid matter of the sun exists in the manner of luminous clouds, swimming in its transparent atmosphere; and he considers that there are two different *regimes* of solar clouds, the lower of which consists of clouds less bright than those which compose the upper stratum. The removal or opening of these clouds, he supposes, exhibits the opaque globe of the sun to our view, and hence *vario* those dark spots which from time to time are visible upon his disc. The bright spots he supposes to be caused by a decomposition of the transparent and elastic fluids by which the sun is surrounded, and lucid appearances are thus formed of various degrees of intensity. By other

vations of [these] spots, the revolution of the sun upon its own axis has been ascertained.

Besides the solar spots, the zodiacal light is a singular phenomenon which accompanies the sun. It begins to be visible a little before sunrise, appearing at first like a faint whitish zone of light, somewhat resembling the galaxy or milky way, with its borders ill-defined, and scarcely to be distinguished from the twilight, which is seen commencing near the horizon. It is then only a little elevated, and its figure agrees with that of a spheroid seen in profile. As it rises above the horizon, it becomes brighter and larger, to a certain point; after which the approach of day renders it gradually less apparent, till it becomes quite invisible. This phenomenon is usually attributed to atmospheric refraction.

Urania's Mirror.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

MANNERS AND CONDITION OF WOMEN IN SOUTH AMERICA.

As there are three distinct tribes in South America, the usages, customs, and manners, as well as the features, of the women, must differ most materially. Perhaps there is more similarity in the mode of treatment adopted by the Spaniard, the African negro, and South American Indian, towards their women, than in any other part of their characteristic,—as the women are more properly slaves to them than companions. The Spaniard leaves all the drudgery of his house to his wife, while he lolls at ease in his hammock, smoking. The negro, if he may be suffered to remain idle, cares not what labour his wife is put to; and the Indian looks on women as of a species inferior to him in every respect, and, if he chance to lose her, gives himself very little trouble to find her again, unless she has any of his children with her. Happier in this than either the Spaniard or the negro, he is not plagued by the demon of jealousy. As their treatment by the men must influence the conduct of women, some of the disgusting usages and customs among them may properly be placed to this account. The Spanish women, by nature graceful in person, and endearing in native disposition, regular in feature, and expressive in countenance, from contemptuous neglect, become slovenly, disregardful, and inanimate; so that there is, at present, very little affinity between the ladies of Old Spain and those in South America,

either in person or manners. Perhaps their intercourse with negroes and people of colour may in some degree account for this. As the Spanish children are nursed by negroes, they necessarily imbibe some portion of their character. The first feeling of an Englishman, in coming in contact with the South American women, is disgust. Contrasted with the elegant neatness of his own fair countrywomen, he views the stiff, stately, transatlantic females, as beings almost of another order. A want of taste and fitness in their apparel; an awkward gait, owing, perhaps, to the constant use of slippers, the trailing waste of folding and plaited drapery behind, and the long scarfs which they wear over their heads, give them a very grotesque, and, at the same time, gloomy and fanatical appearance; while the neglect of ablution is but too visible on their hands and faces. The greasy aliments and oils, and quantities of garlic, used in their cookery, make their breath as little attractive as their appearance: so that, excepting their dark expressive eyes, and the melting plaintiveness of their voices, the Spanish women of America have very little one can admire. Their musical acquirements are mostly confined to the guitar.

There are some exceptions, however, to those general remarks, and in many parts of South America are to be seen very pretty women; especially in high latitudes, or cold regions. There are several towns on the Cordilleras, from Coro to Cumana, where beauty holds her empire. But a very fatal disease visits those high latitudes, called there the godos, or goitres, which disfigures many of them. Latitude, or climate, however, does not alone decide. The women of Caraccas are reputed handsome, while those of La Guayra are coarse, dark, and ordinary, although the distance is not more than two days' journey. In Merida the women are handsome; although those of Maracaibo are very ordinary, which is not more than four or five days' journey distant. In Valencia, again, they are ordinary; although, in its immediate vicinity, they are quite different. One moral feature, however, in general characterizes them, that is, generosity. As they are removed from the negro caste, they are more affable; as the characteristic ferocity of the negro is visible in every caste that approaches his complexion. The introduction of this unhappy caste into South America, and perhaps into every region into which they have been transported, has entailed a seemingly uneradicable brand on the offspring of those, whose tyrannous injustice has

sought to build the superstructure of rascacious opulence upon their enthralled and agonizing labour.

Monthly Magazine.

DUELLING IN THE GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

The extent to which duelling is carried on in the German universities, is perfectly ludicrous; I say ludicrous, because the results are very rarely fatal. In Gottingen, I assure you, that when you wished to have a "scandal" with any one of the students, you had merely to *look* and you might be satisfied. When I first settled amongst these youths, I had some little curiosity to see one of their duels, and I expressed myself to that effect to the young Baron Von***. He turned himself to a friend who was quietly smoking his pipe at my side, and, pointing to a tall Westphalian, playing at billiards—"Du sollst ihn, 'corrimir,' lieber, der Engländer will was achen,"—"you must go and insult him; the Englishman wishes to see some fun." Upon this, an affair was soon got up; the Westphalian went on with his game, and "der nerr Baron" with his pipe, for the remainder of the evening. The next day these heroes met, and the paraphernalia of the battle were arranged. In most of the German universities, the *schläger* is the offensive weapon, except in Jena, where the rapier is the favourite. These *schläger*s are remarkably sharp, and the wound which they give heals very kindly. The first thing to be done is to measure the distance: this is effected by the two seconds. Each takes a full lunge, and stretches out his sword until the points cross. The space thus covered is marked on by two chalk lines; and if, during the combat, either the one or the other of the combatants should step over these lines, he instantly comes into "verchiss," and can only recover his honour by fighting with two of any of the landman's *schaften*. The ground being measured off, we went to *dress* our friend. His shoulders and breasts were stripped to the shirt; a thick band, well stuffed, and sword proof was tied round the waist, in order to protect the stomach. The fore part of the thigh and the neck was also guarded, and the sword arm bandaged from the wrist to about half way up the arm-pit: so that, in fact, nothing but the face and chest were exposed. The two seconds, who are very active, are dressed nearly in the same fashion, only they do not disencumber themselves of any portion of their clothing.

* This is a slang term in use among the students.

The business of the second is to rush in, and prevent any "nachhieb," or after-blow, when the umpire has called "halt"; this, of course, subjects them to no small portion of the danger. They are armed with blunt weapons, and stick close to the left side of their principals. In fact, a good second is one of the requisites to a successful duel. The seconds now gave the word of command, "Ies," and immediately our youths began playing with consummate skill. The first round produced nothing. A second and third were chalked off. On the fourth, however, the Baron received a slight wound in the forehead, which terminated the battle. Twelve rounds is the ultimatum of any duel. The duels at Jena, however, are far more dangerous. The number of fatal results is much greater than is generally known. The rapier inflicts so very small a wound, so very difficult to be seen except by an experienced eye, owing to the elasticity of the skin, that most of the sudden deaths which are given out as caused by apoplexies, &c., &c., in short, nothing more nor less than the effects of duelling. The quarrels of the students among themselves I have said, are not very deadly; now and then they are fatal, but they rarely end in any thing more than a disfigured face, or a tranchant wound of the breast. There is, however, a prolific and mortal host of battles between the officers and students. The students imagine themselves to be the guardian genii of national liberty, and regard the military as mortal foes to their most hallowed feelings. The weapon which is generally used in the combats between the students and officers is the pistol. The sword is so certain in the hands of the Burschen, that few, except one of their own fraternity, have an equal chance. These duels are, for the most part, pre-meditated murders. If the insult have been a blow, it is expiated only by death. A space of four or six feet is marked off by lines; each man retires a certain given distance, perhaps twenty paces on the other side of his line, and here a barrier is erected. He may discharge his pistol at any distance between the barrier and the line, but, should he miss, must come up to the line, and stand to be shot by his antagonist, who has now the power of approaching as near as the line on his side. You are compelled to kill, for the duel can only be terminated by the death of one. One of these duels happened between a young student of Heidelberg, and a Prussian officer, quartered at Mayence.

† A propos, a round is determined when a blow is parried, or has gone through "durchgaengen," as they call it.

The student was shot in the pistol arm and disabled. After three months, he again went out, and was once more so dangerously wounded as to be obliged to quit the field; he again recovered, and was shot dead at the third time. I trust, for the credit of human nature, that this may not be true. I was informed of his death about six months after I had quitted that portion of Germany. It was mentioned to me as a matter of interest, as I had had some slight acquaintance with him.—*Letters from the Continent.*—
Blackwood's Magazine.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

EPIGRAMS.

NO DISADVANTAGE

"I'm sadly afraid," said Richard to Ned,
 "You'll pay me with wine, till it gets in
 my head,"
 "It will be something new," retorts Ned
 with a grin,
 "But has your empty noodle, has any
 thing in."

A NICE DISTINCTION

A GENT. told a fellow, to oaths much inclin'd,
That, "I swear not at all" was in scripture enjoin'd;
"I don't swear at all, sir, but only at those
(The fellow reply'd) who my temper oppose."

PARISH JOBBING.

LOOK up at the inscription on that venerable building, defaced with plaster, what does it record? Beautified by Samuel Sancas and Daniel Daub, churchwardens. And to those honest gentlemen call distinguishing that fine old stone building with a thick coat of lime and hair, or whitewash, beautifying it! What is the history of all this? Why the plain matter of fact is, that every parish officer thinks he has a right to make a round bill on the parish during his year of power; an apothecary physies the poor; a glazier fits, in cleaning, breaks the church windows, and afterwards mends them, or at least charges for it; a painter repairs the communion-table, puts new coats on Moses and Aaron, gilds the organ-pipes, and dresses the little cherubim about the loft; as fine as vermillion, Prussian blue, and Dutch gold can make them. The late churchwardens were a woollen-draper and a silversmith: the silversmith new-

fashioned the communion plate, and the draper new clothed the pulpit, and put fresh curtains to the windows. All this might be modestly done, were they not to insult the **GOOD** sense of every beholder with their **BEAUTIFIED**; and lastly the parish has the pleasure of paying for their **beautifying**, as they please to call it.

LINES FOUND AT PRINCESS JOAN'S COFFIN.

In the grounds of Baron Hill, the seat of Viscount Bulkeley. The coffin was for years used as a watering-trough, in a public high way, until removed by the order of his Lordship.

Bless'd be the man, whose classic mind
This unassuming monument designed;
Rescu'd from vulgar use the sculptured
stone, grimmest and fiercest,
To breathe a moral o'er thy ashes—
To show mankind how idle is the aim
To thirst for riches, or to strive for power,
To teach him, too, to watch life's fleeting
day,
Nor grasp at shadows which soon

For Nature tells us, in angelic breath,
"There's nothing certain in this world
but death."

Beaumaris, Oct. 1.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Mrs. C. B. Wilson, H. B., Zetus, W. P., and communications from several other correspondents. in our next.

The poem by *M. M. L.* is well meant, and displays some talent; but we fear the subject has not been sufficiently inanirking.

A writer, *M. B. N.*, who seems ashamed even of his initials, which he has partially cancelled, ought to write like a gentleman, if he expects an

The following are intended for early issues.

tion:—Robert, M. J. C., Theodore, Massie, Agnes, St. Clair, Jerome, Euphrates, and Wigomichtis, are inadmissible. J. C. has sent back the manuscript.

The articles alluded to by our Whisky correspondent were duly received; and if not wanted shall be returned as requested.

D. H. will see that his communication has been anticipated.

So far back as CXIV. of the Mission, we requested the correspondent who sent us half-a-dozen small pamphlets, with blue covers (one who has since written to us), to give us some information respecting them and their author.

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